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Collection Monongahela de Beaujeu, No. 3

# THE HERO

OF THE

# MONONGAHELA

## HISTORICAL SKETCH

BY

MONONGAHELA de BEAUJEU

*Life Member of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal*

Translated from the French by Rev. G. E. Hawes

Published for the Dedication of the Monument Erected to the Memory of

MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD BRADDOCK

The fifteenth of October, 1913

Edited by  
M. de BEAUJEU & CO.  
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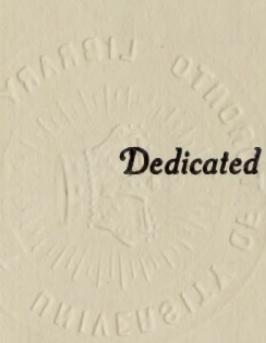
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*Dedicated to my charming life-companion*

*Madame Monongahela de Beaujeu*

*née Adelaide Magdalene Vogt.*

*New York, October 1913.*

*N. 7. C*

*- 23 - Oct 1913 -*

*Souvenir de l'abbé*  
*Monongahela de*  
*Beaujeu*

## THE HERO OF THE MONONGAHELA

BY

MONONGAHELA de BEAUJEU

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

REV. G. E. HAWES

DANIEL Hyacinthe Marie Lienard de Beaujeu was the second son of Louis Lienard de Beaujeu and of Louise Therese Migeon de Branssac. Louis, his older brother, had taken orders, where he soon acquired considerable celebrity as a Christian orator, but especially because of his title of ordinary father-confessor of the martyred king. Daniel and his brother kept up the military traditions of the family by both giving to the military records of New France parts exceptionally brilliant and glorious.

Like all sons of the family who were destined to a career of arms, the future hero of the Monongahela entered the army quite young. He won at the point of his sword all his promotions in the combats of that day, combats which were always doubtful, hence always springing up anew, between this Rome and this Carthage of the New World, which were called New

England and New France. From studying the correspondence of the times and certain papers of the family, we learn that L. de Beaujeu, without being what you call of large proportions, was, however, of dignified bearing; also he was excellently proportioned, clever and agile in all bodily movements. No one could endure more toil than he. Having arrived in face of the enemy, he became more than a man; the soldier was transformed into a lion. The fact is, he never marched, but went bounding at the head of his troops.

From having lived long among the savages he knew well all the dialects in use among the different tribes.

Affable without undue familiarity, generous beyond all expression, no one knew better than he how to adjust himself with more art to the character of the savage allies, and all from being able to speak to them in their own tongue; and these would cast themselves into the fire in his presence, with a perfect contempt of danger, so much did they admire his entrancing eloquence, his strength, his agility, and especially the astonishing audacity of his plans, which were almost always realized.

To speak correctly, the savage nations venerated and adored him as the equal of the Manitou. For M. de Beaujeu seemed to them invincible, and never in need of a shelter, from never having been wounded in the slightest manner in any of his numerous encounters.

It was in reward of his bravery and of his signal services which he had rendered in Canada by his great influence over the savage nations that he had risen rapidly to the rank of captain, and that he had obtained the cross of a chevalier of St. Louis; also that the signory of La Colle, on the river Chamby, with the title of fief, had been given to him.

M. de Beaujeu was born at Montreal, August 9, 1711. He married, March 4, 1737, Mme. Michelle Elisabeth de Foucault, whose ancient genealogy goes back to the times of the Crusades. Of this union M. de Beaujeu left a son, who returned to France at the time of the cession of Canada to England, and a daughter who was married to Charles de Noyan, governor of

Guiana. The bullet which killed M. de Beaujeu decided, perhaps, the destiny of New France, for who knows what would have happened to the English army there on the plains of Abraham. Just at the moment when the French battalion cut to pieces by a rain of bullets and of grape-shot, were beginning to give way and to break, the conqueror of Braddock had come to the rescue at the head of his veteran bands of savages and of Canadians.

This is but a supposition, what we call a perhaps. I grant it is a mere hypothesis, yet this seems that even a perhaps is admissible in history, especially when it is a patriotic one.

Many historical authorities have already related the history of the great battle of the Monongahela. Hence, we do not believe that we can do better than reproduce here that which has been related by M. Paul Stevens. It is a very beautiful tribute which we should make of this distinguished man, who, all his life, showed to the family of M. de Beaujeu such devotion as can only be shown by generous hearts. In what remains to be said we have drawn largely from the notes which he had gathered with so much patience, and his well-known scholarship.

Before he related in detail the battle itself, it was found expedient to take a retrospective view of history back of it, that one might know the political situation as it then was, and what were the feelings on the two sides of the ocean.

“In proportion to the way in which France and England extended themselves by their colonies in North America, their old rivalry following on this side of the ocean and establishing itself with them in the midst of their new acquisitions, assumed the still more alarming character of open and declared opposition, and soon took upon itself the form of a stubborn struggle which did not end until an overwhelming victory was obtained by one of the rivals over the other.

“Shortly before the year 1750, a date to which this story goes back, the thirteen English colonies had a population of more than a million people, while Canada, Louisiana and Cape

Breton, all told, numbered scarcely eighty thousand souls.

“Notwithstanding this excessive numerical disproportion, victory showed a stubborn disposition to want to follow the standards of France in the contests between the two colonies.

“The frontiers of America, which sought to extend themselves as the populations increased, had been devastated, their strongholds taken, and dismantled or razed by the bands of Canadians which had at their heads such noted leaders as *de Lery*, *La Corne* of St. Luc, and *Rigaud de Vaudreuil*, and these feats of arms, almost incredible for daring, had so far scattered terror and dismay among the English colonies that the simple announcement would cause settlers to abandon all their possessions and take refuge in the distant settled portion of the country with their families, and all that they would try to save of more precious things in their headlong flight.

“In the meantime the second peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had been signed in 1748, by which France gave up all her acquisitions. This was one of the most deplorable treaties that French diplomacy ever accepted, for by it they suspended the victorious courses with which they had traversed the enemy’s country.

“But this peace did not long endure.

“Lord Albornale, the English ambassador to Paris, did not delay long in entering bitter complaint against the encroachments of France in Acadia and elsewhere. This was undoubtedly a mere pretext whereby to break the treaty of peace. Nevertheless, a commission was named to fix the mission. It sat and discussed. A royal decree, emanating from the English court, granted to a company of English merchants a very large portion of the Ohio valley, which was especially a point of controversy.

“The French interpreted this to mean that this concession thus made had, as its sole purpose, the thought to invade their rich commerce of the West, and to cut off their line of communication between Canada and Louisiana, so they hastened, by a wise foresight, to bind by means of certain forts, this

immense territory. These forts extended in a chain from the narrow isthmus of Acadia to the Gulf of Mexico, touching the Great Lakes in passing.

“These preparations for legitimate defense caused bitter complaint to be made by the company of merchants who had the concession. They made their complaint to the Governor General. While this one was despatching Washington in great haste to M. Gardeur de St. Pierre, commandant of the Western country, for his very Christian Majesty, for the purpose of engaging him to suspend his works of fortifying, certain *courier de bois*, partly French and partly savages, fell suddenly upon the merchants who had begun to survey their concessions, and having captured three, they brought them to the fort at Presquille.

“In the meantime Washington was returning with the answer received from M. de Gardeur de St. Pierre. This reply, so military and so brief, informed the Governor General that he would guard the West in general, and the Ohio valley in particular, because it belonged legitimately to France, since something like sixty years ago, when La Salle had discovered them, he had taken possession of them in the name of the king.

“Then the company of merchants, wishing to have some forts themselves, sent a detachment of workmen, supported by a company of militia under the command of Captain Trent, to the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, to build there a fort. But to their sorrow, after having made there some earthworks, they were surprised and driven away by M. de Contrecoeur, who had gone to replace M. de St. Pierre. Finding the place an excellent one he finished the work and named it Fort du Quesne.

“Following this M. de Contrecoeur, having been notified that Washington was hastening to the support of Trent, sent out to meet him M. de Jumonville, with an escort of thirty soldiers. He was to summon the American colonel to leave the French territory.

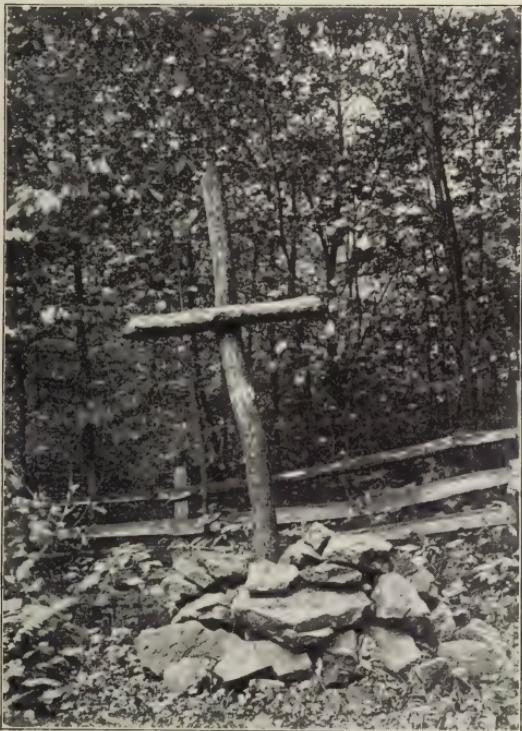
“On the 18th of May, 1754, very early in the morning,

Washington having learned from his scouts the place where Jumonville camped with his companions, surrounded them with his entire force. Then, having sent an officer to summon him to a parley, before there was time to read the summons, there burst upon Jumonville at close quarters a fusillade, killing him and nine men of his escort.

“After this atrocious slaughter, which violated all rules of war and honor, Washington wisely decided to support the pretensions of the company of merchants, and especially to second the plans of the metropolis, which wished to make itself master of the Ohio valley. In harmony with this resolution he pushed on as far as the Monongahela valley, where he built hastily a fort, called Fort Necessity, which he furnished with nine pieces of cannon.

“Pending this the sad news of the tragic death of Jumonville was not long in reaching the French camp, where it was received with a general cry of horror and indignation. M. de Contrecoeur immediately gave M. de Villers in charge of an expedition which was to go and avenge the death of his brother soldier, and gave to him to accomplish this a command of six hundred Canadians lightly armed, and a hundred savages. With these he set out rapidly to reconnoitre Washington. Following a murderous conflict lasting more than six hours, the Canadians reduced to silence the batteries of the fort, although they did not have any cannon themselves, and were just ready to move to the assault when Washington asked to be allowed to capitulate. This was accorded him. (1)

(1) In this capitulation, which was carried on by Captain Van Braam, the only officer with Washington who was able to speak and write French, the word “assassinat,” which we have used above, figures in all writings. Washington, in signing this capitulation, therefore, makes himself out, and distinctly declares himself as the “assassin” of Jumonville. This unjustifiable murder sullies, in our opinion, the glory of the man truly called great as much as for one to be marked out as the assassin of the Duke D’Enghien weighs eternally upon the memory of Napoleon. In this very capitulation, signed the 3rd of July, Washington agreed not to serve against France during that year, but we see him ere long marching under the orders of Braddock long before his parole as a soldier and gentleman had been redeemed.



Jumonville's Grave



"On the following morning, July 4, 1754, the American colonel sadly took up again his return march with his troops on the route to Virginia. After M. de Villers had reduced Fort Necessity and had spiked the cannon, he returned to Fort Du Quesne and so the French flag floated, undisputed, its victorious folds over the Ohio valley, which had been so ardently coveted and so valiantly defended.

"While these grave events were transpiring in the midst of the American forests, the 'Commission on Frontiers,' of which we have spoken already, continued to meet from time to time, but this was merely a matter of form.

"These representatives of the two peoples tried to give to one another the impression that they were acting with honorable intentions, but each, under the transparent veil of a deceitful peace, went on making considerable preparation for war.

"The English sent to support their colonies General Braddock, and three thousand men from her veteran troops, who disembarked in Virginia on the 20th of February, 1755, and two months later, near the end of April, France sent to Canada Baron Dieskau with six battalions of veterans.

"Unfortunately two of the ships of the fleet which carried this re-inforcement to Canada, having been detained by a fog upon the banks of the New Land, became enveloped by an English flotilla of ten vessels of the line commanded by Admiral Boscoven, and were forced to surrender in spite of a very stubborn resistance.

"This strange proceeding, which England never disowned, and which she followed by sweeping more than three hundred of our merchant ships from the high seas, although it was a time of perfect peace, so roused the indignation of all France that war was declared.

"On his arrival in America, General Braddock, who had been vested as commander-in-chief of all English and American troops, occupied himself actively in gathering together men and wagons, and draught horses; in short, everything which could contribute to bring about the success of his proposed

expedition against Fort Duquesne. Afterwards he moved and established his camp at Fort Cumberland, on the border of Virginia, and at the extreme limit of civilization.

“It was not far from the end of May, if we follow some writers, or near the beginning of June if we follow others, when he set out on his march to go to dislodge the French on the Ohio. His army was divided into three columns, commanded respectively by Sir Halket, Gage and Dunbar. This extended itself like an immense ribbon and spread out for a distance of more than four miles. It marched, preceded by a large detachment of Virginians, armed with axes and other implements, who opened the way sufficiently, though at best it was a poor one for the army to advance through the virgin forest.

“On this route, thus prepared for the first time, broken as it was by briars and tangled weeds, and cut up by pools and bogs, the artillery and the heavy wagons which carried the baggage, moved forward with great difficulty. The soldiers, used for the most part to fighting in the open, suffered indescribable weariness as they moved on through dense woods that were well nigh impenetrable. Often they would have to yoke themselves to some of the cannon, or some of the wagons, and pull themselves up by the branches, and the tangled trees lacerated their faces, hands and feet almost beyond endurance.

“In the meanwhile, on the 18th of June, under the advice of Washington, Braddock, who hoped to surprise Fort Duquesne before it would have time to receive re-inforcements, began to advance with twelve hundred men, picked troops, and twenty cannon, enjoining upon Colonel Dunbar, who was in charge of the rear guard, to follow after with the baggage and the stragglers, as expeditiously as the difficulties of the way would permit.

“On the 8th of the month following, Braddock brought his tired troops to rest on the banks of the Monongahela, by the dark and swift currents, which by their winding course, served in some degree as outer defenses of Fort Duquesne.

“However, the French were not altogether lacking in news

of the advance of the enemy upon Fort Duquesne, which was now in command of M. de Beaujeu, who commanded in place of M. de Contrecoeur, on the St. Laurence. In the first days of July some savages, who had scoured the forests, having thoroughly reconnoitered the English army both as to its numbers and movements, had returned and informed the commander that there were three or four thousand regular troops, led by several commanders of note, and that they had found them several miles up the Monongahela and that they had with them a number of pieces of artillery.

“To resist this formidable invasion, M. de Beaujeu did not have at his command more than a hundred regular soldiers and two hundred men or thereabouts from the Canadian militia, the greater part of the remaining troops being stationed at great distances, occupying the forts they had made to fortify the country. Happily many of the savage nations which were allies of France, had already rendezvoused under the walls of Fort Duquesne. The Ottawas had with them their famous chief, Pontiac; the Hurons had come from around about Quebec, having as their leader their great chief Athanase, while the Abenaquis, the Ojibways, and the Delawares were there to the number of about six or seven hundred warriors.

“There was not much time to waste. The enemy was already at the outer gate of the fort, as it were, and the savage hordes were liable at any moment to scatter, and leave the French to themselves. M. de Beaujeu seemed to have the alternative either to withdraw in all haste to Fort Machault, and the fort on the River of Bœuf, or to bury himself under the ruins of Fort Duquesne, which was in no condition to withstand the attack of an enemy so strong in artillery as Braddock, although it was defended by a much stronger garrison than it then had.

“But neither of these possibilities seemed to fit in with the chivalrous spirit of M. de Beaujeu. Accordingly, he called his officers together and proposed to them that they march the next day against the English and bar their advance. ‘There are three places,’ he said, ‘where we can dispose our savages in the

ravines which are along the route of march which Braddock must take. While the braves harass their flanks with a musketry fire well sustained we can charge them with our regulars and Canadians against the heads of their columns.'

"If these combined movements succeed the enemy is likely to be driven back in confusion to the other bank of the Monongahela, and he will soon lose all desire to disturb us again soon.' The situation, to say the least, was most desperate. However, this plan, in spite of its daring, perhaps because of its daring, was adopted unanimously. Nothing remained but to communicate it to the chiefs of the savages. It was thought that it would be received with a favorable welcome which would assure its intelligent co-operation on their part.

"M. de Beaujeu gathered them at once in council. But when he proposed it to them every countenance showed consternation, notwithstanding the well-known impassible characteristic of the savages. And he saw that they were far from sharing in the boldness of the plan.

"'Alas! our father,' they said to him, 'do you, indeed, desire to die, and also to sacrifice us? The English have more than four thousand men while we are less than eight hundred and still you wish to go out and attack. You must see that our spirits are not with you. We ask some time, say until tomorrow, to decide such a question.'

"During the night which preceded the ninth of July, Sir Halket, who was second in command, obedient without a doubt to a certain evil presentiment which men, even the bravest, are not always able to shake off, had recommended persistently to General Braddock to make preparation to carefully beat the dense forests which intervened between the English army and Fort Duquesne, so as to guard against a surprise or an ambuscade. (2)

(2) Sir Halket was killed in action the next day. His son was also slain.

“Washington who, used to war in the forests, could never look without fear upon the long-drawn-out column which his chief had the temerity to maintain, had also at different times made like representations to him. Even as much as two months before, while Braddock was yet encamped at Fort Cumberland, he had done so. One day when he (Braddock) was speaking with a confidence which knew no bounds, of the success of his proposed expedition in the presence of Benjamin Franklin, he (Franklin) could no longer contain himself, and said with his usual frankness :

“ ‘Beyond a doubt your excellency should reach the walls of Fort Duquesne without any encumbrance whatever. Having nothing but your splendid army with its powerful artillery, though the fort be very strong and defended by a numerous garrison, it would be compelled to surrender in a very few days. The only thing that I fear for your excellency is that of seeing your army disturbed on the route it must travel in the woods, by the savages who will have an excellent opportunity to lay an ambuscade. Compelled to march in close order, and forming a line more than four miles in length, your troops are very susceptible to an exposure, and liable to be cut off and separated in such a manner that they will not be able to be of mutual help to themselves.’

“Braddock, who had as much contempt for the American militia as for the savages, had merely shrugged his shoulders while replying to these words, which proved to be so prophetical :

“ ‘Bah! Monsieur Franklin, the savages of whom you speak are perhaps very redoubtable adversaries against your militia, but I assure you that the troops of the king will sweep them away as the North wind brushes aside the leaves of your woods.’

“However, whether it was the words of Franklin which came back to his memory, or whether the representations and urgings of Sir Halket and of Washington had made some impression upon his spirits, or whether it was the second crossing of the Monongahela which made plain to him the dangerous route he was traveling we do not know, but contrary to his

usual custom he took some extra precautions on the eve of the 9th of July, to reconnoitre and assure his march. Something like three hours before day he sent forward an advance guard under Colonel Gage, composed of picked troops, with orders to occupy the two fords of the Monongahela, which had been carefully reconnoitered the day before. These troops were preceded by a detachment of pioneers who cleared the way and made as smooth as possible the banks of the river, to render more easy the passage of the artillery.

“At six o’clock in the morning General Braddock had occupied the neighboring heights with several detachments of his troops. He passed satisfactorily with his army, with its artillery and baggage, the first ford of the Monongahela.

“As he continued his course an aide-de-camp hastened back from the front to inform him that, agreeable to his orders, Colonel Gage had occupied both banks of the second ford; that the way was already made sure, and that he had cleared it; and that he had encountered a few savages, who had been compelled to take flight at his approach.

“Did I not have reason to say to your M. Franklin,’ General Braddock gaily exclaimed, with great familiarity to Washington, who was riding at his side, ‘that your savages are doubtless redoubtable in the presence of the militia, but remarkably cowardly before the soldiers of his Majesty! You will see that we shall enter this very night, with music at our head and drums beating the march, your famous Fort Duquesne, and that, too, without having fired a single charge from our cannon.’

“Thus Braddock marched, full of confidence, to the second ford of the Monongahela. But a scene other than imposing was passing in the central court of Fort Duquesne, where the venerable Father Denys Barron was offering up the sacred mass and giving the holy communion to the garrison and pronouncing the blessings of heaven and the protection of the God of battles upon those who were to go forth to fight.

“Soon the great gate of the fort was opened, and gave egress to M. de Beaujeu, who went forth followed by the little

troop which was composed of seventy-two regulars, and one hundred and forty-six Canadians, exclusive of the officers.

“When he reached the council lodge where the chiefs of the savages were assembled, M. de Beaujeu, taking his brother-in-law, Captain de Ligneris, and Captain Dumas, entered and asked them with much calmness, and even with a smiling air, what the result of their long deliberation had been.

“They said that they had not been able as yet to decide, but added that they did not desire to march.

“Then M. de Beaujeu, who joined in a good and loving character much of courage and of sang-froid of spirit, said to them:

“‘I am determined to go against the enemy. What! will you allow your father to go alone? I am sure that we shall conquer them.’

“As he said these last words some savages, very probably those who had been that very morning in Colonel Gage’s front, broke into the council lodge with the announcement that the English had already passed the second ford of the Monongahela and would undoubtedly take the route which was flanked by the ravines of which M. de Beaujeu had spoken to them the day before, as a place of ambuscade for his auxiliaries.

“‘Now, you see, my friends,’ exclaimed M. de Beaujeu immediately, taking profit out of the indecision of the savages, ‘you see,’ he said, ‘that the English are coming to throw themselves into the lion’s jaws. They are like the fabled sheep who persisted in throwing themselves among the wolves which ravaged the woods. Let all those who love their father follow him. It will be your part to keep hidden in the ravines which lie along the way, and when we make known to you to strike, strike you will.

“‘The victory is already ours.’

“There was a sudden change in the disposition of the savages, who had been ashamed of their cowardice. The chiefs at once left the council lodge as if possessed by a common energy. Once out they gave forth with one terrible voice the war cry,

which the crowds of warriors caught up and repeated throughout all the plain. And, as its echoes reverberated under the somber and resounding arches of the forests, the cry was doubly terrifying.

“When quiet had been established again into the midst of the barbarians, who had been brandishing arms and giving themselves up to their war dances and going through the most confusing contortions which they carried on with frightful howlings, M. de Beaujeu sent certain of the head men. It was not long before the ferocious hordes, which had more resemblance to packs of hounds thirsting for blood than human beings, had scattered into the woods, and were following after the regulars and the Canadian militia.

“By 11 o’clock General Braddock had reached the second ford of the Monongahela. There he was delayed for about two hours by the workmen who were grading down the banks of the river, whose declivity was too steep and abrupt to allow the passage of the artillery and the baggage.

“Wishing to utilize the passing time, and not doubting at all that the enemy was watching his movements, Braddock commanded all his army, which he arranged in order of battle behind the brush which bordered the river, to make the best showing possible. After an hour passed in this way, when it was about noon, he deemed all ready for the advance. Then, with a view of inspiring terror and admiration in all those who might be watching him, the English general gave the order to his drummers and his fifers to strike up the march, and the army began to cross the Monongahela in great splendor.

“Indeed, according to what we are told by those who were eye witnesses, the spectacle was truly magnificent and imposing, and was well calculated to strike with astonishment those hidden in the midst of these savage solitudes, whose ordinary condition was one of profound silence, broken only at times by the cries of birds or of wild beasts.

“It was a beautiful morning in July and the sun, pouring a full flood of warm rays upon the earth, was touching the

countless little wavelets of the dark waters of the river and brightening it with myriads of points of light which had fallen from the polished steel of the muskets and bayonets. The red uniforms of the soldiers, set off more distinctly by their white belts, the flags floating out free, the regular and measured march of the advancing battallions, all conspired to make it seem to turn itself more into a great review than an assault upon a guarded place; the hoof-beats of four or five hundred horses, trained to the work, now hitched to the heavy wagons covered with white canvas, and the cannons which were heavier still, the low bellowing of a hundred cattle, which the Virginians, armed with long whips, tried to keep in the rear of the column, and above all the blare of trumpets, the warlike triumphant music, all were calculated to establish a contrast with the sombre and majestic silence of the forest arches which framed the picture with a setting so animated and imposing.

“After having passed without hindrance the second ford of the Monongahela, the English found themselves not more than about nine miles distant from Fort Duquesne.

“To reach there it was necessary to first travel a long plain which extended about a half a mile. This raised itself after that to an abrupt elevation, which at last formed itself into a hill sufficiently extended to break into a chain of broken hills, that stretched as far as Fort Duquesne. A narrow, shady way beneath some venerable trees invited travel by the little mountain, which was flanked on each side by hidden ravines. In the springtime these ravines served as beds for the raging torrents formed by the melting snows, but in the summer time and in the autumn season these were dry and completely hidden beneath a luxuriant vegetation and an inextricable entanglement of wild vines and matted weeds and high grasses.

“It was there, in those ravines so well adapted by nature for an ambuscade, that the savages, to the number of about five hundred, covered under the bushes or lying flat on their bellies behind high grasses, lay listening, with their ears held tight to the ground, to the noise of the drums and the bugles

of the English army, which were growing louder and louder every moment, and waiting for the signal of combat, which M. de Beaujeu ere long gave them.

“It was about three o’clock when the English army set itself to the task of climbing the mountain of which we have spoken. Certain savages who were serving as scouts, together with a dozen cavaliers, who with sword in hand and carbines held high, led the march. Next came the advance guard under command of Colonel Gage. It was composed of two companies of grenadiers from Sir Halket’s regiment. Then there was a detachment of workmen, seven companies more of the same regiment and six independent companies of Virginians, disposed in alternate order, forming the center, where also was placed the artillery. The rear guard, made up mainly of companies drawn from the regiment of Colonel Dunbar, dragged in its train the baggage, the food and the reserve artillery. These three bodies of armed men moving in close column, advanced in order of battle. They had on their flanks, both to the right and the left, several detachments of ten and twenty men each, commanded by sergeants and intended to keep clear and assure the march.

“Just as the advance guard was about to reach the summit of the hill it was taken by surprise by the French and Canadians who came up on the trail in front of them. M. de Beaujeu, who went leaping at the head of his troops, was in the costume of a chasseur, and was recognizable by his gorget as an officer, made haste to have them deploy, and at once opened on the enemy a most murderous fire.

“At that very moment, from the head to the rear of the English army, there rang out the frightful chorus of prolonged and ferocious cries. These were made by the savages who, coming out of their inactivity, gave forth altogether their war cries. They began firing almost instantly, and kept it up incessantly, firing upon the troops of the advanced guard from behind bushes and trees, in fact, from everywhere where they lay concealed. Under this attack from an invisible foe, accom-

panied by the indescribable cries of the savages, which seemed to come back from the forests, and which could be seen from no part of the line, had begun already to throw into partial disorder the advanced guard. But the officers, reanimating and exciting the courage of their soldiers, made them as immovable as a wall, and holding them thus in the road, exposed them to a most murderous crossfire and one which tore great gaps in their ranks. At this juncture, Braddock began to advance in all haste certain pieces of artillery charged with grape.

“On the third discharge M. de Beaujeu was killed. Also Lieutenant de Carqueville, who was fighting by his side, fell.

“This death of their beloved chief, so cruel to the French and the Canadians, was the occasion of their slacking during the moments immediately following. Already the English, thinking that they saw them giving way, began to give their cheers of victory. Then the Canadians and the French, excited by the ardent words of M. de Ligneris and of Captain Dumas, who was now first in command of the troops, returned to their charge with irresistible fury, accompanying it with their oft-repeated cries of ‘Vive le Roi!’ On their side the savages redoubled their efforts, showing preference for the officers, many of whom were already hors de combat among the heaps of slain and wounded.

“In this brief interval General Braddock, whose rear guard had now reached the plain, had ordered Colonel Burton to advance rapidly with his companies in the center to the rescue of the advanced guard. When Burton, obedient to the commands of his chief, made every effort to carry out this movement, the advanced guard, taking to their heels, suddenly broke through in disorder and threw into fatal confusion his troops, which were advancing to their succor.

“Soon the companies found themselves in such a melee that they could not go through their evolutions with anything like skill.

“Then the soldiers became deaf to the voice of their chiefs, and did not heed anything but the fearful fusillade and the cries

all along the entire way seemingly from a few to a dozen steps distant along the entire route; a veritable defile it was, where they huddled together and began to show signs of terror and of despair. In vain the officers tried to rally them around their respective standards; poor, unfortunate fellows! They seemed to know nothing but to load and fire their arms, doing it with a rapidity which indicated their folly, generally drawing at random at an invisible enemy, and all the while the bullets of the Indians and the French were laying them low on the ground in heaps.

“Braddock, now foaming with rage, galloped into the midst of this despairing crowd and with curses and threats on his lips, struck the soldiers and the militiamen who had taken refuge behind the trees. He called them cowards and miserable wretches, and compelled them all to come out into the open places, there to form again in companies for the purpose of advancing again against the battalions of the enemy, which he did not see at any time.

“Already he had had his fourth horse killed from under him. He was just mounted to the saddle of the fifth and was giving the signal to retreat when a shot laid him, mortally wounded, on the ground. A bullet had gone through his left arm and both of his lungs.

“Two captains of the Virginia militia hastened to pick him up. He pleaded with them to let him die there on the field which witnessed his defeat. But having put him on the back of a horse, they carried him away in the flight in spite of himself.

“You wouldn’t call this, which now occurred, a retreat. It was not even a rout. It was a distracted, panting, disorderly flight, without its equal in history.

“In that army, which but a few hours before was marching with music at its head, as if in a triumph, every trace of discipline had now disappeared.

“Officers, under officers, soldiers, all were fleeing pell-mell in the most frightful disorder.



Major General Braddock



Braddock's Grave



“The greater part of them had thrown away their arms and equipments, in fact, some, to run more swiftly, had even stripped themselves of parts of their clothes.

“One fiftieth of the savages, pursuing these distracted fugitives, killed many of them with a blow of the tomahawk. Others they drove into the Monongahela to drown. This they could do, because the rear guard had already recrossed the river in haste, after having abandoned the baggage.

“Captain Dumas, thinking that Colonel Dunbar must have reached by this time the other bank of the Monongahela, with a body of some seven hundred regulars, did not attempt to pursue the enemy beyond the river.

“On Friday, July 11, Braddock arrived, wounded, at the camp of Dunbar, with eighty soldiers led by Gage, a sad remnant of that army which had deemed itself invincible. He expired on the thirteenth, which was on Sunday, at nine o’clock in the evening, and was buried in haste at Fort Necessity, at the foot of a hill where his grave can be seen to this day.

“Following out his orders, Dunbar, who was in terror of pursuit, destroyed all the records of the army, spiked or buried the cannon, exploded a large quantity of shells, threw into the flowing water fifty thousand pounds of powder and broke up one hundred and fifty wagons containing provisions of various kinds, reserving only those which were absolutely necessary to sustain the remnant of his fleeing army, which he then took back by forced marches to Philadelphia, where he established quarters for the winter.

“So terminated the bloody battle of the Monongahela, in which was lost by the English, as much in the action as in the fight, more than seventeen hundred soldiers. Of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were either killed or wounded.

“On the side of the French there were but three officers among the slain, M. de Beaujeu (1), Lieutenant de Corquerville (2), and the chevalier de la Perade (3).

(1) Burial of M. de Beaujeu, commander of Fort Duquesne, the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-five, ninth of July, and who was killed in combat given against the English, and the very same day. M. Lienard Daniel, Esquire, Sieur de Beaujeu, captain of infantry, commander of Fort Duquesne and the army, whose estimated age about forty-five years, having been at confession and having made his devotions the very same day, his body has been buried the twelfth day of the same month in the cemetery of Fort Duquesne by the name of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin by the beautiful river, and this with the ordinary ceremonies by us, Priest Recollect, undersigned, Chaplain of the aforesaid fort in proof of which we have signed.

FR. DENYS BARON, P.R.,  
Chaplain.

(2) Burial of M. Carqueville, Lieutenant in the troops of a detachment of marines, the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, the ninth of July, who was killed in combat given against the English, and on the very same day. M. Dericherville, Esquire, Sieur de Carqueville, Lieutenant in the troops of a detachment of marines, previously having been on the very same day at confession, whose estimated age is about thirty-three years, his body has been this eleventh day of the aforesaid month buried in the cemetery of Fort Duquesne, by the beautiful river with the title of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin, and this with the ordinary ceremonies by us, Priest Recollect, undersigned, Chaplain of the king of the aforesaid fort, in proof of which we have signed.

FR. DENYS BARON, P.R.,  
Chaplain.

(3) Burial of M. Laperde, officer in the troops of Isle Royal, the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-five, the tenth of July, died at Fort Duquesne, under the title of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin. M. Jean Baptiste de Laperde, Esquire, Sieur de Brieux, ensign in the troops of the Isle Royal having been wounded the ninth of the present month in combat given against the English, having received previously the Holy Sacraments of Penitence and of Extreme Unction, his body has been buried in the cemetery of the fort itself by us, Priest Recollect, undersigned, Chaplain of the king of the aforesaid fort in witness of which we have signed.

FR. DENYS BARON, P.R.,  
Chaplain.

“Four other officers were wounded: M. Le Boigne and M. Hertel (4), who died of his wounds on the thirtieth of July, were the two worst cases.

(4) Burial of M. Joseph Hertel, cadet in the troops, the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-five, the thirtieth of July, deceased, at Fort Duquesne, under the title of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin, by the beautiful river. M. Joseph Hertel, Esquire, Sieur de Ste. Therese, cadet in the troops of the marine, age twenty-two years or thereabouts, having previously received the sacraments of Penitence, Viaticum, and of Extreme Unction, his body has been buried in the cemetery of the aforesaid fort by us, Priest Recollect, undersigned, Chaplain of the king at Fort of Presqu’Ile and of the Riviere aux Boeufs, and this with the ordi-

nary ceremonies and the agreement of Father Denys Baron, Chaplain of the king of the aforesaid Fort Duquesne, who has signed with us.

F. GUE COLLECT, P.R.,

Chaplain of Presqu'Ile and Riviere aux Boeufs.

FR. DENYS BARON, P.R.,

Chaplain of Fort Duquesne.

“M. de Bayeul received a bullet in his mouth which went out by his jaws, and M. de Montmidi was wounded in the arm in the flesh.

“Among the soldiers and the savages the number of deaths did not exceed thirty; the number of the wounded being but slightly in excess of that number.

“The French captured much booty; all the wagons of the enemy, their provisions, the artillery composed of eight pieces of cannon, seven mortars and utensils of every sort, a considerable number of muskets and munitions of war, the military chest containing \$100,000.00, and all the papers of General Braddock, also his plans of campaign and instructions, three or four hundred horses, and one hundred head of cattle, fell into the hands of the conqueror.

“But the very considerable advantage that the French received from this victory, beyond the preservation of the Ohio valley, was the complete severance from the English alliance of the savage tribes which were before undecided and up to this time had remained neutral.

“On the news of the destruction of Braddock, they threw themselves on Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland, scattering everywhere desolation and ruin. On their side the Canadian bands and the other auxiliary nations did not remain inactive, and the terror was thrown into the midst of the colonies so that the frontiers were left deserted, and even in the chief centers of population the preachers found themselves obliged to reassure the people, so great was the alarm of the frightened inhabitants.

“More than a century has passed since this memorable battle took place, perhaps the most glorious in the military annals of America, so abounding in splendid deeds, and the ashes of the captain who fell victorious on the banks of the

Monongahela repose there without so much as a simple stone to commemorate the event.

“As if this was not enough of hurtful neglect towards one of our most distinguished names, history has long attributed to another, and to one who was absent, the honor of the initiative of this unequal struggle, and makes to be reflected upon M. de Contrecoeur a portion of the glory which should go entirely to M. de Beaujeu.

“But after all, the light is breaking, and to-day when France and England, laying aside their ancient enmity, have put their sword and their genius to the service of the civilization of the world, and when these two great peoples have learned to better understand and appreciate valiant deeds, let us hope that a chapel will be raised in Pittsburg to the shades of the Hero of the Monongahela in atonement of past neglect.

“Already the France of to-day has begun this noble and grand work of reparation by undertaking to raise a monument to La Bourdonnais, on British soil, with the consent of her ancient rival. The homage, though tardily rendered to the memory of a great man, honors all at the same time, being a credit to the two peoples and the two governments, and let us not doubt the near execution of certain memorials which should be erected to the memory of M. de Beaujeu.

“But in the meanwhile it will not be out of place on the part of our ministers to perform a work wholly patriotic, by giving the name Monongahela to certain of our new townships.

“May it not be also hoped that, by our edicts, we may make proof of a lofty sentiment, one wholly in keeping with our national dignity, by giving this truly historical name to some of our beautiful avenues, or some of our beautiful squares, or even to one of our proposed boulevards.

“The remembrance of such deeds of arms can not be guarded, perhaps, too religiously.

“Would such not be, in effect, a constant and continuous exhortation that seems to stimulate to heroic actions, and which, upon the whole prompting us to look at our origin,

makes us even love with legitimate pride our country still more?"

A writer of many talents, and of high archæological knowledge, Monsieur l'abbe Daniel of the seminary of St. Sulpice, who has published the history of the leading old French families of Canada, has devoted many interesting pages to the Hero of the Monongahela.

One can not read him very long without having a sense of indignation, owing to the injury and injustice which has been done to the conqueror of Braddock, in failing to give to him at least a share of the triumph which is his entire.

It is well to note the pages where one seems to read a correction.

M. L'abbe Daniel, it would seem, had fallen into this error he committed through his faith in the writers who down to that time had been held as authorities, but who, since the works so conscientiously written by Shea, Parkman and others, have brought to the support of their labors certain numerous and authentic documents which show otherwise, have made this error to be no longer possible.

At the present time we hear L'abbe Daniel saying, "Although it may have been said and believed up to the present that it was M. de Beaujeu, and not M. de Contrecoeur, who was in command at Fort Duquesne in 1755, it is therefore to him, and to him alone, that the glory of having triumphed over the English forces reverts, and we are holding in proof of this two-fold point, to the end that we may correct that which we have advanced on the other side very earnestly on the faith of others the following: First, M. de Beaujeu was in command alone at Fort Duquesne. In proof, M. de Contrecoeur having demanded in the previous winter his recall, wrote to a pious contemporary:

"M. le Marquis Duquesne has sent M. de Beaujeu, Captain, to relieve me, ordering at the same time that M. de Contrecoeur should not return at that time with the expedition, supposing that it would be attacked, as he had reason then to

believe." M. de Beaujeu, who was in command in the fort, as one reads in a memoir placed in the naval archives, having previously learned of the enemy's advance, and being very much embarrassed because of the smallness of his forces with which he could sustain a siege, determined that he would take the field himself.

"My lord," writes Madam de Beaujeu on her part, to the minister of the colonies, when she heard of the death of her husband, "I hope that you will give attention to the calamity which I see has befallen my husband. He sacrificed himself there by the Ohio river, of which M. Le Marquis Duquesne had given him the place of chief command." And then the record of his burial speaks of him as "Commander of Fort Duquesne." This point we deem to be well established. The second point which follows from it is no means less clear. The second is that to M. de Beaujeu should revert all the glory from having triumphed over the English army. In support of this we give the following reasons: It was he, and he alone, who conceived the idea and executed the design of going to attack the enemy. If he determined on going to the front, as say the memoirs already cited, it was he who proposed to the savages who were with him. Also speaking of his beautiful devotion, his aunt, the mother of the Nativity, writes:

"The Lord has taken from us the Chevalier de Beaujeu, who exposed himself and sacrificed his life for the salvation of his country. He alone was commander-in-chief. He had under him, so reports the pious annalist already cited, M. M. Dumas and de Ligneris and certain sub-altern officers." She does not say anything about M. de Contrecoeur. In the third place, on this last, it was he and he alone who determined the success of the battle. This is proven, 1st, by the plan of attack, so bold and so clever; 2nd, by his bravery at the head of his troops; 3rd, by the vengeance which the savages felt when they learned of his death, which helped in achieving the victory. Following the memoir, he was shot to death at the first discharge of the enemy; according to others, this did not occur

until the third, and after the action was well begun, throwing himself into the midst of the thunderbolts and fires, says the same annalist, his contemporary, he fell dead at the third discharge of the enemy. On his part, M. de Vaudreuil certifies the Chevalier de Beaujeu, Captain of Infantry in a detachment of the marine, was killed July 9, 1755, by a shot from a cannon which was charged with bullets and that he fell at the third discharge, which it fired at the troops and the savages of the colonies, which he was commanding. We ourselves in substance agree with this later testimony." Before such a summing up, both fair and vivid, and conclusive, where is the impartial man, where is the Canadian, above all others, who will longer refuse to render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's and to the conqueror of the Monongahela all the glory which he has so dearly bought.

And this, too, without the least shadow or groping or hesitation whatever.

These few pages say all, resume all, settle all. What injury when a writer so powerful, so sincerely devoted to his country as L'abbe Ferland, should, however, fall into this grave error which we can not speak of as otherwise than a historical heresy.

Without the least doubt the course of Canadian history is a true monument which L'abbe Ferland has raised to the glory of letters and of his country, but there are certain historical inaccuracies which mar, and these are doubly cruel, for the writer and the hero were boys together on the very same soil.

"We cannot recall without a feeling of emotion," writes again M. P. Stevens, in speaking of L'abbe Ferland, "that we have been honored by the good will and friendship of this illustrious man."

We have shown to you, on another occasion, certain historical fragments, among others the recital of the battle of the Monongahela, when we were occupying ourselves more seriously with history.

This appears to us, this is our belief, to show the master holding to two opinions, refusing an early remark.

Perhaps they refer to the battle of the Monongahela. I ignore it; but this I say,\* it is that L'abbe Ferland is dead, having died before his work was finished, and very probably his successor, M. L'abbe C. H. Laverdiere, a man of merit without doubt, did not have either a correct understanding of the notes of the manuscript, or of the passages which should have been either corrected, or re-written entire.

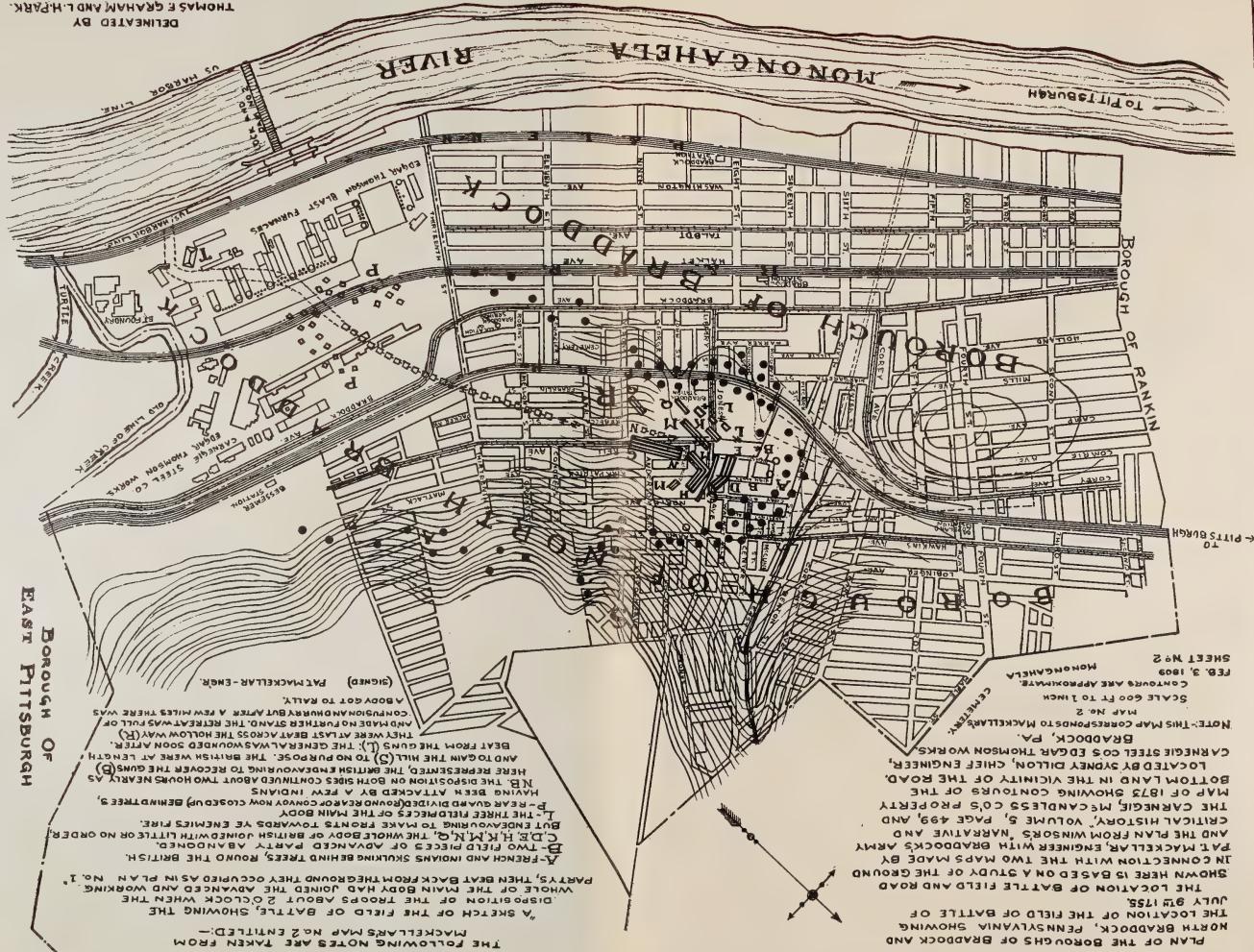
Although we may admit, "*errare humanum est*," is it not still a sad thing that four centuries have passed away since the noble spirit of Columbus protested against Americo Vespucci, who had robbed him of the name of the world which he had discovered?

O Virgil! Virgil! Thou sublime cygnet of Mantone, thou didst certainly have reason to sing: *Sic vos non nobis!*



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valuable assistance.*





DELINEATED BY  
THOMAS F. GRAHAM AND L.H. PARK.

**EAST PITTSBURG**

NOTE: THIS MAP CORRESPONDS TO THE 1:250,000 SCALE  
SHEET MAP OF THE SOFT ANTRIMMATE CREEK  
MONOGAHALA MOUNTAINS, W. VA.  
FEB. 3, 1903





